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# LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

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## AMERICA'S UNGUARDED GATEWAY

SIR,—Take a map of the United States. Place your finger on the border between New Mexico and Mexico anywhere between El Paso and Columbus. Move the finger northward to the Rio Grande; follow the Rio Grande northward to Valencia County; swing eastward to the New Mexican Central Railway; continue northward to Santa Fe and westward to the Rio Grande; then along the Rio Grande to Colorado and eastward to Pueblo.

You have pointed out a route along which an invading army could pass unhindered, unresisted and not unwelcomed. Over nearly the entire route, the enemy would be acclaimed, fed, quartered, equipped and recruited. If of any strength, the invaders could pass deep into the heart of the United States.

South of the American-Mexican border, lives a race that is strange to us and little understood. It is of mixed blood, interbred, and physically and mentally degenerate. The average Mexican is burrow-like, stubborn, uncertain, ignorant and vindictive. Within his vestigial body blazes a hatred for the gringo and the gringo's country.

The Mexican has a few well defined ideas, chief among which is the conviction that Americans are too cowardly to fight. He has an intense disgust for the cowardly gringo and thirsts to spill gringo gore. He believes that the United States is about the size of the state of Tlaxcala and not half so important. He believes that Mexico, while blindfolded and hog-tied, could whip the United States. He believes that a Mexican army could run the President out of Washington and into Canada. He believes that a Mexican army could take the police of New York and make camp cooks of them. And above all, he believes that the Americans cannot, dare not, and will not fight.

His belief in these assumptions amounts to knowledge. The Mexican knows these things as assuredly as he knows that the world is flat, that humans are protected by gods and annoyed by witches and devils, that *frijoles* and *tortillas* are the staff of life, and that the *toro Americano* is like his gringo master and cannot be utilized in bull fights.

Happenings at Columbus, Juarez, Tampico and Parral confirmed these beliefs.

And, strange as these views may seem to us, the American's conceptions of the Mexican are as dioramic.

The Mexican is taught to remember the annexations of 1845 and

1848, and he knows about the document of 1819, in which the gringo ceded away all his Louisiana Purchase rights to the territory forcibly retaken in 1845-8. The Mexican's thirst for revenge has been continually accentuated by contending aspirants for power within the Mexican borders. In his abysmal illiteracy, he is a straw, blowing whichever way the winds of schemers list. Mexico swarms with vicious pirates of the genus Villa, who lust for power and wealth and ease and women.

The size of the army that any terrestrial pirate can gather is limited principally by the pirate's access to gold and silver. If funds were supplied from any source—Germany, for instance—a large army could be quietly raised by any bandit and directed toward any goal for any purpose. The amount of hatred that could be instilled into such an army would be limited only by the volume of devil's Spanish in the bandit leader's vocabulary. A few German officers and some German gold effectively placed could assemble this army and start it northward.

New Mexico has a citizenship that is largely of Mexican origin. The people remain today practically as they were when the territory was annexed. The State has remained Mexican in every sense of the word. One may travel a hundred miles, pass through town after town and be unable to converse in any language save Spanish. There are whole districts without any English speaking persons, where the school boards and school teachers are unable to read, write, or speak English. All school teachers are compelled by the State to be examined in Spanish. The legislature is conducted in Spanish. The courts, State and Federal, are conducted in Spanish.

A foreign language is one of the most potent aids to the success of a conspiracy. By retaining Spanish as the language of the courts, schools, public gatherings, press, religion and politics, the Mexican population of New Mexico keeps itself Mexican. And it looks forward to the Mexican day when New Mexico will again take her rightful place as a state of Mexico.

There is, in the State of New Mexico, a powerful political secret organization that is known as the Penitentes, but which, within its windowless, countersign-entered *Moradas*, gives itself another name. The main object of this organization is to keep the State loyally Mexican, and success has hitherto crowned its efforts.

The Penitentes are a strange sect, practising weird religious rites, self-tortures, political oppressions and the elimination of enemies. The deserts are dotted with their calvary crosses at which human crucifixions are annually carried out, despite the efforts of the Government to prevent them. The Penitentes are secretive, and will stone any unfortunate American passer-by who chances to witness one of their devotional marches. Americans who learn too much and become talkative are found on the highways, their hearts decorated with neat perforations. It is whispered that no one can talk against the conditions of New Mexico and live.

The Federal and State courts obey the mandates of the Penitentes, and no Penitente is ever convicted in court, no matter what the evidence. The juries are composed mostly of Spanish speaking Penitentes, and if any juror votes for a verdict contrary to the instructions of this organization, he moves quickly—or forever after ceases to move.

On the statute books of New Mexico is a law passed expressly to

keep Americans from voicing any protest against the Penitente control. This law makes it a crime to speak or write anything, true or untrue, that tends to bring shame or ridicule upon the Penitente organization. The New Mexico laws are largely based on the old Spanish code, and in the lower courts an accused is presumed to be guilty till he proves his innocence. Americans tried by a Penitente jury for an offence against the Penitentes are likely to be held indefinitely in a filthy jail kept by a Penitente sheriff; some have been so held, without trial or attention, until they died.

A typical example of New Mexico trials is that of de Baca *et al.*, accused of liberating the Federal prisoner, Salazar. The Mexican general, Salazar, was arrested by the United States officials and lodged in the Albuquerque jail. He was released without the knowledge of the Federal officers. State Game Warden Trinidad C. de Baca, attorney Elfedo Baca, M. V. Vigil and others were arrested for conspiracy against the United States in releasing Salazar. Celestino Otero was the chief Government witness. Otero was promptly murdered by the organization. A Mexican jury was impaneled, and in spite of the absolute evidence of guilt and of the deliberate murder of the chief prosecuting witness, freedom was the verdict.

After Villa made his raid on Columbus, the Mexican population of the State openly boasted of what they intended to do. On the Denver and Rio Grande Railway trains between Alamosa, Colorado and Santa Fe, the natives made the male passengers hurrah for Villa and inflicted unprintable outrages upon the women passengers.

At Ortiz, Colorado, in May, 1916, an American named Porter, from Denver, was murdered by Mexicans, who boasted that they would have no gringos in Ortiz.

At Lamy, the railway station for the State capital, the Mexicans boasted of what they were going to do to the Americans, and the Americans moved.

For many years, the United States Government has handled the New Mexico situation with gloved hands. The Interior Department has allowed homestead sites where the land cannot be cultivated. These sites are used chiefly to obstruct roads and annoy the Forest Department and the real settlers. Congress has made many unjustifiable grants and has legalized the stealing of millions of feet of lumber from government land. The State is plastered with forged land grants and shadow titles. These fake grants have been enormously enlarged by renaming streams and mountains. The Maxwell Grant attempted to steal all the land from Texas to the Pacific, and nearly got away with it. Miles of fertile land are covered by sage, endless waterways are diverted, mining districts are idle, and the inflow of developing agencies is prevented.

The Mexicans in New Mexico have a ten thousand majority vote. The politicians play for this vote, and thus the Penitente influence reaches out and enters Congress and the departments. Elections in New Mexico are farces, and bribery is rampant.

As far north as Colorado, newspapers speak of Americans as "foreigners." A state of treason exists in this part of our country. New Mexico confidently expects to arise and join again the mother country, taking its place in the sun, among the children of the sun.

The native population awaits the hour to strike. When some German

emissary furnishes the money to some pirate in Mexico, that hour will be at hand.

KANSAS CITY, Mo.

HENRY WRAY.

### THE BEST

SIR,—I have read *THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW* ever since you were its editor, and for a long time before you were its editor, for that matter, and in my judgment the last number, the issue of July, 1918, is the best *NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW* ever published, and, if you will permit me, I will tell you why.

In the first place the editorials are quite up to and I think a little above the high standard to which you have raised that department of the magazine. As a matter of fact I am free to confess that I have ever regarded your plea, however praiseworthy in intent, for an elimination of partisan politics in the coming Congressional elections and for the duration of the war as a plea for a Utopian state of affairs quite unattainable. If anything were wanting to convince me of the correctness of this view of the matter, the responses which your admirable letter to the chairmen of the Republican and Democratic National Committees elicited would be quite sufficient. While the Republican chairmen met your suggestion of a conference with the view to cutting out politics during the war with a cordial acceptance, the Democratic chairman plainly side-stepped. And there you are. It simply can not be done and I never believed it could be, desirable as it plainly is.

But nevertheless, you have rendered a great service. You have brought both parties up to the scratch. We know where they stand, and as I happen to be a Republican I am glad to note that my party's position is the more commendable of the two.

Now that is one reason why the editorial department of the *REVIEW* is so satisfactory. But that is not all. I never read a more interesting historical document than the one you evolved from the striking text the French Ambassador furnished you—"The Three Yorktown Nations." Both that and the editorial entitled "The New Fourth of July" are sufficient in themselves to make the *July REVIEW* a publication to be filed away as a valuable permanent addition to any library.

And, in connection with the value of the number as a contribution to history, that correspondence, now first published, between Thomas Jefferson and Madame de Staël takes high rank. It lets new light in on nooks and corners of the history of the close of the eighteenth and the beginning of the nineteenth centuries, and right there let me ask if anything could be more applicable to our attitude towards Germany just prior to our declaration of war than these words of Jefferson in the letter he wrote to Madame de Staël under date of July 16, 1807?:

"We have borne patiently a great deal of wrong, on the consideration that if nations go to war for every degree of injury, there would never be peace on earth. But when patience has begotten false estimates of its motives, when wrongs are pressed because it is believed they will be borne, resistance becomes morality."

If there still remains anybody to ask why we went to war with Germany, would it be possible in general terms to give a more compre-